

THE DAGLIGTALE

Your Augustana Student Paper

December 2004

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This is the most nicely decorated house in Camrose. It's worth a drive-by. Drive to the bottle depot, it's hard to miss.
A sincere thanks to Mr. Ken Johanson for letting us photograph his house.

December = Final Exams!

SORRY!!

Welcome all to the beautiful month of December (insert sarcasm here). Thus, first term comes to a close and finals are upon us. Here are a few helpful hints on how to deal with exams. First of all, you should make sure all of your exams are on different days. If your exams do happen to fall on the same day do not fret...panic. Actually, it's not so bad, unless both exams are hard. If both exams are hard, just write one off, like you do when you crash a car, let the insurance company deal with it, that's what they're there for.

When studying for an exam like biology the first

thing you should do is memorize absolutely everything that was ever mentioned in class, down to the smallest detail. Once you have memorized all of the information try to synthesize the data, make sure that you understand it. Now after all is said and done, you must understand that when you sit down to write a Dr. Haave biology test there will be at least three questions that cause you to stare at the page for 15 minutes exclaiming in your head "That is a Good Question! Thank you for asking this question, it is something I have always wondered, but unfortunately I have no

answer for you." I am sure others have experienced this.

Once you accept the fact that your final exams will be difficult and there is no way that you can possibly ace them, you can start to relax. You can begin to understand that school isn't all about marks. The number you take home likely doesn't matter to anyone but your parents. School is about the experiences that can be had with friends, with faculty, with the community. As for dealing with the stress of exams I'll quote Neil Young: "Don't let it bring you down." ~Jer

The Dagligtale would like to extend a formal apology regarding a technical problem which has plagued us since the beginning of the semester. The Dag's Augustana email account has unfortunately not been functioning properly, and as a result, has failed to receive submissions from certain people. If you have emailed something to the Dag, and have received no acknowledgment from us, we apologize. Please send future submissions to the Dag's Hotmail account until we have finished addressing this problem. And in the mean time, be sure to talk with us in person--and keep the submissions coming!

The Editors:



Jer

Sexy, non? And my first word was cracker.

Baby Jeremy would like to send hugs out to all the girls out there, thanks very much.

On a serious note I would like to encourage you all not to be discouraged about the length of some of our articles, please read them anyway—they're really good articles.



Steve

This photo is reminiscent for me. It seems to capture my original masculine allure.

I hope that you will all take this edition of the Dagligtale with you as you go your separate ways for the Christmas holidays. If you're traveling afar this holiday season, I wish you a safe trip. If you've decided to stay in Camrose, let's hang out and play.

students' association

The event of the year!

Miss this and you miss out hard core!

DECEMBER 11TH

be there or be...



Ultimate Football Game

3pm at the soccer field

Rain, snow, or shine!

All are welcome to play

Mission Impossible is back!

6:30pm outside the Faith and Life building.

Submit teams of 6 to F203 by Dec. 10th.

Prizes will be awarded to the champions!



UPCOMING EVENTS

Second Class Bash

January 14 at the

CRE

Tickets \$6 at the
door.

Buses will be
available.

Dont Drink and
Drive

WANTED

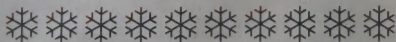
Formal Coordinator
to plan and
implement Formal
2005

Apply to F203 by
January 21/05

The SA would
like to wish
everyone good
luck with their
final exams!!!



hope you
have a GREAT
CHRISTMAS
BREAK



THE DAGLIGHT Proudly Presents...

Memoirs of A Newfie Down Under: The End

By Bruce Phillips

Jeff realized that he didn't need another person, or a bunch of things, to define who he was, nor did he need the weight of all the other "stuff". For a short period of time at least, Jeff took on less responsibility, focusing instead on the simple things in life. He tasted freedom again for the first time, the magnificence of a moonlit evening, the humbleness of honest conversation, the rewards that are reaped from articulating what feeling really is. This, Jeff came to realize, can only be accomplished when people are listening to each other. Not in situations or communities where accumulation decides a person's value.

In his reflective progression, he came to realize that there were alternatives to the wisdom of whiteness called middle class. He knew his life, the woman he'd left in Adelaide, would not understand, nor his so called friends; they were socialized, civilized, urbanized, and capitalized. For them, life was sociable, progress-able, marketable, definable and calculable. They were destined to live ordinary lives, in ordinary places, under ordinary circumstances, while never examining their ordinary lives or their ordinary friends, because that's what an unexamined life is ... ordinary.

Jeff got a fresh start. He came to live in the jungle with people from all over the world. Included were Canadians, Australians, and South Africans, not to mention young American men finishing up tours in Vietnam. We were living in what we called "a hut" in the rainforest. A hut we eventually called "The Greenhouse." It was originally built by an artist from Adelaide. He returned to the city to put some cash together, rented us his digs, and as a result we found ourselves in paradise. The hut was a small rustic cabin, with all wooden furniture. We would describe it today as Spartan. Of course then, during my youth I had no problem separating wants from needs. Food for the body perhaps, need. To love

one another, need. A sense that you belonged, that you fit in, somewhere, or with someone, need. Other than needing to be with people you could call friends, the jungle of Northern Queensland held few other immediate needs other than clothing and shelter. Everything else became a want. It's important to separate both even now.

The Greenhouse was about a twenty-minute walk from an aboriginal village called Kuranda. We lived just off the Barron falls, about forty minutes out of Cairns (pronounced cans). It wasn't that hard to convince Jeff to stay with us a while, chill out, meet the crew, be still, and let time and space heal the internal wounds resulting from a world of judgment and prejudice.

Over the course of three or four months Jeff came to feel better. Scattered throughout the rainforest were artists, musicians, and construction workers. Turned on, tuned in, and mixed up were all kinds of people sharing the same feelings. They may not have taken such superficial measures as Jeff, but all of them needed to find time and space to sort out the mess we call life. It was only 1978, but people still knew that there was a rat race. They were hanging out in the jungle near the village of Kuranda for a reason. They wanted to try living an alternative lifestyle to the urban environment most Australians chose. Jeff came to realize, as time progressed, that dyin' was not much of a livin'. He added to his wisdom with the realization that at the end of the rat race, all he would have become was a rat.

The Vietnam War had just finished and many of the young Americans flew into Australia rather than returning to the cities from which they came. They hung out in the hills of Kuranda as well, smoked large quantities of drugs, and spoke often about the pain, the suffering, the evilness of war, and death. Some were bitter with their country for leaving them to fight a war they wanted no part of. How could they return to a place that only knew

about mom's apple pie, and the so-called American dream? Their dream had turned into the worst nightmare ever. At eighteen and twenty years of age, they were shown how to take life, not give it.

A depressing rainy season and a tropical storm made for a quick exit from the jungle. Many of us weren't familiar with so much rain, or so many different kinds of rain. It literally changed our paradise into a field of parasites. I had developed tropical ulcers from a few small cuts that were now huge festering holes in my feet. It was so wet the cuts were never dry, thus they enlarged, and bored deeper into the skin.

Jeff had already left. He was a different man than when he first arrived. Miraculously his recovery did not involve pills, a psychiatrist, or a six month therapy program at a hundred dollars an hour. It did however involve biblical principle, one of the reasons Jesus told us why we are here on earth, "to love one another." Jeff left the jungle a man completely transformed, knowing that he had been with people that were like him; not men who were looking to be rich monetarily, but enriched spiritually (not in terms of God because many of these people did not believe there was a God, but in terms of feeling inner peace, which ironically may have been God); not looking to accumulate stuff, but to accumulate relationships.

All of us came together with a common bond in the jungle of Northern Australia. We were our own society! A collection of drifters, dropouts, locals, aborigines, ex-Vietnam soldiers, and hippies (I considered myself the latter), all were united, simply because we were different. No one fitted into mainstream society.

There are a million Jeffs in this world. They are people who don't see living in this perceived disillusioned, draconian, day to day, material existence. They see buying stuff, collecting money, living in a dog eat dog world, or paying the mortgage and robotically

attending to the bills, as being a life not worth living. Amazingly, our North American economy strives on this very premise. Like cultures on the Serengeti Plains we find ourselves swooping to our meaning malls... we feed off what we own. Jeff had no Moses for direction, his God wasn't standing with him in his time of indecision, or at least he didn't think so. Ironically, it may have been at a time when God heard his cries most.

I digress quickly to say that I know now that if there is no solid ground on which to stand, or firm belief that there is something to life other than "man," where can one find hope? Without God, or the love of God, our science and technology, our houses and cars, hold little in terms of comfort when real pain, and suffering, exist.

Jeff's scars were not visible, his searching soul burned from within. From the lonely voyage of despair came the need to have someone understand, to help filter through the state of purgatory that a proud, pride-filled, world can bring. He had no large gashes that needed attending too, no great mental disorders that could be rationalized or explained, but he concluded that he had to leave an entire lifestyle behind. It is a decision that few in today's society would ever make. It makes no sense to leave a good job. We cannot rationalize leaving a huge comfortable home; instead we work harder to make the house bigger, more spacious, and more luxurious. Why would we leave success behind, it's what we live for, we bow down to the movie star, the sports athlete, the businessman and the corporate executive. The song from the T.V. show "The apprentice" plays over and over in our heads, "money, money, money, money, money." Does the world ask us to think about living an examined life? To go through life with values, beliefs, and morals, things that go hand in hand with honesty, integrity, and ethics? Many today never take the time to examine their lives, instead, they accept and suffer

through the numbness of life that the world brings.

Unfortunately, twenty-five years later I should have learnt from Jeff's mistake. After returning to Canada, I became the very person I despised during my youth. I became part of the establishment. Part of the cultural mass that's out to make a million, to retire at fifty, to live in a large house, and wear rose-colored sun glasses that make each day the same. It's so easy to turn a blind eye. It's so easy to get caught up in a materialistic world but one hell of a job to leave it all behind.

There's more to life than just "buying your way". Happiness is not an emotion, it's a way of life; it's a state of being. Our tendency is to maximize our pleasure and minimize our pain. Yet, paradoxically it is in our pain that we grow, stretch, and gain the most wonderful wisdom. It is on our knees looking up we find ourselves most vulnerable, yet, it is also the place we gain the most strength to continue. What do we learn from our pleasure, except to develop unquenchable, insatiable, wants and desires? We need to look for the alternatives to consumerism and the shallow idea that life is only about social status, money and wealth, power and control. A better philosophy toward accumulation and acquisition might be the possibility of a more frugal existence. Often, our problems do not arise from our revenue, but rather, from our excessive expenditure.

I will never forget Australia, my friend Jeffery Cummins, the jungle lunches, or Mama La Spienna. I dream of picking olives with Italian women whose terracotta skin has been bronzed by the sun. I re-live the days of snorkeling inside the Great Barrier, off the beaches of Green Island. I daydream of picking fruit in the hot Australian sun, and the other memorable moments that made up my youth.

Sometimes life can be so cruel, and as a result teardrops burn our cherub cheeks, yet, it is in the kiss

continued on back page ...

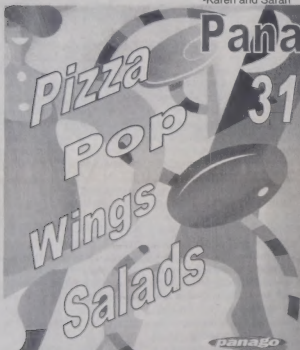
Students' Association Christmas Wish List

'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the campus the SA was wishing they had made their Christmas list. And what to their wandering eyes would appear, Sarah and Karen had brought them good cheer. "Hooray" the beautiful SA members cried out.. "Let's hear this list.. common spit it out!"

- Phil to get a raise because he is the coolest prof in the history of life, ever.
- Three new council members that are really hot (and single.. and male.. and tall dark and handsome, with lots of money, and liquor.. that is all).
- Some new clothes for Kerry, because the green princess dress just isn't doing it for Colin.
- A new band for Oly that can actually play....except of course, Winger cuz he rocks.
- An assistant for Cindy; a little midge elf.. not from the north pole; one from Guelph!
- A new horse for John so he can ride day and night.. wink wink..
- Some sun screen for Jeff, for his little white rear, when he's tanning in Cuba, quite far from here.
- A cake every week, would do really just fine. Ice cream of course, there's no other kind.
- A bottle of liquor, Gin if you have, maybe some peanuts, that would be rad. Tofu and cheese, to go with our wine, hell some more damn liquor that would be fine. A deck of cards, for fun drinking games, and of course, a Barbie car... like the big ones that you drive in. All pink, with a flower-covered steering wheel and matching seat belts, with snap cups installed to keep all of us happy.
- And last but not least, a bright big new building, fully equipped, if U of A's willing (campus bar included.) That's the end of our list, I'm sorry to say. So Santa, please come our way!

We'll be back next year, all cheering and fresh. Come and visit us, F207, we don't bite, that hard I guess!!

-Karen and Sarah



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Have a Safe and Happy Holiday!

Good Luck
on Your Final Exams

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The Trek to Bonnaroo

by Jason Hewitt

part 10

After the Dentistical Revelation I felt refreshed and invigorated and now awaited my journey with renewed enthusiasm. This is when the journey began as I started passing many signs.

My brother gave me a ride back from Red Deer that night as I had to depart from Camrose the next day. Along the way we passed the first such sign. I looked out the side window and I saw a bird flying backwards. "Holy shit!" I thought aloud as I scrutinized the strange sight, wondering at the "optical illusion" before my eyes. I notified my brother to this strange sight and he also stared in disbelief. We stared for a dangerous amount of time until a thud resounded through the car and my brother suddenly remembered he was driving. We pulled over and he went out to investigate. I saw him do a double take at the grill of his car as he peeled off the corpse of a dead bird. It had apparently careened straight at us. Its head had been in the grill as the rest of the sodden boneless body hung limply from the vehicular noose. We drove the rest of the way after discarding the evidence. I got dropped off and my brother left.

The next day I boarded the shuttle-bus to Wetaskiwin where I then went to Hobbema, Ponoka, Lacombe, Red Deer, Calgary, Strathmore, Gleichen, Bassano, Brooks, Suffield and Medicine Hat before I crossed the border into Saskatchewan where many dozens of small Corner-Gas milkstops would be made before getting to Manitoba and hopping the USA/CANADA border, the dreaded line of terrorist-stopping security that separates our two countries. (It's funny how many people actually call this the Canadian/American border. Such people will continually refer to the U.S.A. as AMERICA, as if these states melded together and formed not one but two continents even though they are merely a part of America just as is Mexico and Brazil, etc. Our neighbouring country is actually called The United States of America, not AMERICA. This annoys me so much. Just like when people call the indigenous people of Canada Indians even though they are not from India. Geez.)

As I was exiting Camrose I noticed a scene happening. The Bus Driver pointed it out. A man was laying on the road just in front of Pizza Hut clutching his leg in agony. He shouted what could only have been inventive curses at the driver of a gigantic red truck. A bike lay trashed on the side of the road and I noticed the truck owner's neanderthalic glance of glazed over stupidity trying to figure out what was going on. We passed by and I got to Wetaskiwin and entered the bus.

I was on my way and I thought about all the things I had packed and I raised my hand to stroke a treasured gift given to me just before my journey by my girlfriend of several years. She had given me a medallion bearing the likeness of St. Christopher, Patron Saint of Travellers and many other travel-related people, including workers in the travel industry such as bus-drivers and taxi-drivers. I raised my hand and suddenly realized I did not have this medallion. Where was it? A strange panic began to overtake me and suddenly I realized that I had left it in Red Deer. I phoned my brother on my cell phone and he agreed to get it to me. I immediately felt relieved.

I got off the bus in Red Deer and entered the terminal to see my brother talking on a cell

...Continued on pg. 6

2004 Student Presentations

★ Tuesday, December 14 ★

(Yes, classes are over, but that doesn't mean you can't learn for fun...)

Take the time to see what your fellow students have been researching throughout the semester.

Regardless of your field of study, you are invited to attend any or all student presentations.

Sessions will be held in the Faith and Life Centre Rooms F103 and F104. There will even be REFRESHMENTS.

Room F103

2:00-2:30

Steve Hansen

"Cheap Artistic Labour? The Position of the Artist Within the Canadian Popular Music Record Industry"
Mentor: Anna Hoefnagels

2:30-3:00

Ms. Karl Sawden

"The Enchanted Circle": Proto-feminist Writing and the Tyranny of Custom."
Mentor: Harry Prest

3:00-3:30

Karl Leiper

"Growing Pains: Historical Look at Attempted Suicide in Greater Edmonton between 1899 and 1920."
Mentor: Melanie Methot

3:30-3:45 Refreshment Break

3:45-4:15

Erin Klemmer

"Media Portrayal of Attempted Suicide over the First Half of the 20th Century."
Mentor: Melanie Methot

4:15-4:45

Russell These

"Suicide in the Early 20th Century: a Case Study."
Mentor: Melanie Methot

Room F104

2:00-2:30

Atallah El-Layous

"Looking into Overseas Education: The Effects on Identity Formation and Development."
Mentor: Paula Marentette

2:30-3:00

AJ Tolton

"The Use of Gesture to Increase Comprehension."
Mentor: Paula Marentette

3:00-3:30

Jacqueline Kuefler

"Gesture in the Elderly."
Mentor: Paula Marentette

3:30-3:45 Refreshment Break

3:45-4:15

Kevin Rutherford

"The Psychology of Injury Recovery."
Mentor: Joan Skinstad

4:15-4:45

Richard Knievel

"Mathematical Modelling of the Ion Waves Along Microtubule Protofilaments."
Mentor: Arzu Sardarli

A Vinyl Update

The Vinyl Experiment, dormant from the stage since September, is anything but asleep. For the past few months, the band has been busy recording a 4-song EP titled "Rooted." With the recording process now finished, all that remains is some final mixing, mastering, and sleeve artwork, and the CD will be ready for pressing. Expect to see the recording available within the next couple of months. Members of the band would like to thank all the musicians who have donated their time and talent by singing in the vinyl experiment choir for the recorded version of Sense,



the EP's second song. Your presence in the song sounds simply exquisite. If you would like to hear a preview of the band's recording, simply ask any of us—we would love to share it with you. Email us at: info@thevinylxperiment.com



'Twas the Night Before Finals

'Twas the night before finals,
And all through the college,
The students were praying
For last minute knowledge.

Most were quite sleepy,
But none touched their beds,
While visions of essays
Danced in their heads.

Out in the taverns,
A few were still drinking,
And hoping that liquor
Would get their brains thinking.

In my own apartment,
I had been pacing,
Dreading those exams
I soon would be facing.

My roommate was speechless,
His nose in his books,
And my comments to him
Drew unfriendly looks.

I drained all the coffee,
And brewed a new pot,
No longer caring
That my nerves were all shot.

I stared at my notes,
But my thoughts were all muddy,
My eyes went a'blur,
I just couldn't study.

"Some pizza might help,"
I said with a shiver,
But each place I called
Refused to deliver.

I'd pretty much concluded
Life's unfair and cruel,
Since our futures all depend
On grades made in school.

When all of a sudden,
Our door opened wide,
And Patron Saint Put-It-Off
Ambled inside.

Her spirit was careless,
Her manner was mellow,
She looked at the mess
And started to bellow:

"Why should us students
Make such a fuss,
About what those teachers
Toss out to us?"

"On Cliff Notes! On Crib Notes!
On Last Year's Exams!
On Wingit and Slingit,
And Last Minute Crams!"

Her message delivered,
She vanished from sight,
But we heard her laughing
Outside in the night.

"Your teachers won't flunk you,
So just do your best,
Happy Finals to All,
And to All, a good test."

Blood, Sweat, and Frisbee-The Ultimate Adventure

The journey began during our coveted fall break as Augustana's Ultimate Frisbee Club embarked on a journey to the Pacific, Victoria to be exact. We were set to compete in an Ultimate Frisbee tournament pitting us up against teams from as far as Alaska and Washington. So the adventure was set, the team packed into its four vehicles on the 28th and departed from the cold, unforgiving Camrose climate. Our destination was the proverbial promised land which was Victoria BC.

The 14 hour trek began with promise, as the highways were quite good for traveling. Some troubles arose in Kamloops with a bit of a blizzard, but since most of us were from the prairies, it was nothing we hadn't experienced before. Our first night stay was going to be in Vancouver at Matt's parents' house, and everyone was excited to relax and do some exploring. Of course what would a Frisbee trip be without showing the locals our talent by playing a bit in every parking lot or street we could find? It's a good thing frisbees are plastic or else there would be dents in parked vehicles from here to the coast. Upon arrival at Matt's parents', most of the team stayed there the night, some heading downtown to explore the booming metropolis, and some relaxing to a movie in the basement. After much jousting for a sleeping area, everyone packed in and in the morning awoke to a huge breakfast. The hospitality of this stay was amazing and Matt's parents were more than happy to make sure everyone had a good breakfast before breaking for the ferry ride to Victoria. I must mention that along our travels a virus had started spreading, I call this virus 'explicative deleted' by Tenacious D. Unfortunately due to the content of this song, I cannot mention the real title but soon everyone on the team would be singing it constantly. If you want to know what the song was, you'll just have to ask someone on the team.

So we got to the ferry, and it was some team members' first time seeing the ocean. That's really sad, I know. Inevitably we passed the wait in line for the ferry by playing some frisbee, and inevitably we ended up scattering to

our vehicles out of fear of the ferry rent-a-cops. Do you see a pattern here? The ferry ride proceeded pretty much uneventfully except for a game of nail the seagull, our ammo, anything that was kind of hard and could be thrown. So on to Victoria, and if anyone else goes to Victoria and is staying at the Travelers Inn, beware! It's not that it's a bad hotel, it's actually great, just don't expect to find the one you're staying at easily. I think this is because there must be a really high demand for Travelers Inns. There were six different Travelers Inns on the street that ours was on; there was even a Travelers Inn right across the street from our Travelers Inn. In

does that anymore?! We were starting to realize a major fact of this trip: out of all the teams, we, by far, had the coolest and best-looking team.

October 30th, the first day of the Tournament. On this momentous day we realized that although we were the coolest and best-looking, we were about to get our butts handed to us. Inevitably, I won't spend long on the subject, as our best performance was losing 8-3 to a local Vancouver team. Despite this fact our team had tons of fun and bonded incredibly. We were like a really big A-Team-inseparable. It was also fun to see some really talented players in action, displaying

teammates. But soon we would be off and everyone went at their own pace to get back to Alberta. Some of us would even see Kelly Osbourne on our trek home. Our pace, however, was driving all night straight to Camrose. This was interesting as some of the passengers in the vehicle started hallucinating and seeing things on the side of the road. You know who you are! After several moose and deer that I dodged and Erhardt-like maneuvers, we were home safe. Slowly, groups trickled in, and I must say, if you want to take up a new sport, Ultimate is definitely recommended. It's the most fun I have had on a group trip ever and I am glad to have shared it with the people on the team.

The team would like to thank the Students' Association, the U of A, and the Royal Bank for their financial support. Without them we would not have been able to afford our cool hats and this amazing event. Also special thanks to our captain and organizer Jesse Lalonde.

Shibby!
Ken Ferguson.



Victoria. Travelers Inns are like the plague, they're just everywhere! Eventually everyone got settled in and we got the chance to have our first practice. But not until visiting the largest Value Village in Western Canada. This was a perfect opportunity for some Halloween bargain hunting. This, as you can imagine, took a while, but soon we were off to the practice field. But wait...did we forget someone? Unfortunately yes. Lost in the bustle of bargain hunting we forgot a fellow team member. Sorry John. Practice went on and soon we began honing our frisbee skills for the upcoming tourney. The field was amazing, and if there is one thing I have learned from this trip it is: Victoria has some really green grass! Only one stop was left before going to bed and that was the first Ultimate social event to be held at the house of one of the organizers. That was fun...except for the part where those idiots from Alaska tried to play 'spin the bottle' with our women. Who

some amazing lay-outs and incredible throws. It definitely gave us a good goal to work towards. That night was the Halloween party and everyone was psyched to unwind. The event was a blast and the only weird part was the band (cross between Prince and Jamiroquai). October 31, the second day of the tournament. The same goes for today, we didn't exactly win, but a mysteriously large number of our team members didn't feel well enough to play this particular day...must have been the water or something. I must say, not having ever played Ultimate before, this is a fun sport. After every game you get together with the team that you played against and play some fun group games. This really adds to the experience and you end up meeting some cool people from another part of the continent. As the tournament wound down we were all sad to say goodbye to the west coast. The hospitality of the organizers has been great, and it was really fun to bond with our

I had many experiences tree planting this summer in B.C. After having spent two months in the bush, I have learned to appreciate many things we humans take for granted. Electricity, shampoo, clean socks... Above all of these, however, toilets take the cake. I wish it was cake, but it was more of a crap-like substance covering the board where we pissed and/or dumped. Oh yes, it was filthy. Most of the time people avoided using those makeshift 'bathrooms' and resorted to the bush. I didn't blame them. When I came back to civilized society, it really surprised me how our porcelain palaces are treated, or mistreated for that matter. It really confuses me sometimes, baffles even. Some individuals just don't understand the concept of flushing. I mean, if I can do it, anyone can. If you encounter a toilet that has not been used to its full

Bonaroo

...Continued from pg. 4

phone. He looked distraught and had tears in his eyes. He got off the phone and he gave me the medallion and said he had just heard of a friend's dad dying in a motorcycle accident. I instantly made a connection between the two tragic bicycle-related events I had already born various kinds of witness to and thanked my lucky stars I was born aloft on the shoulders of my traveling saint. I wished my brother a good evening and departed.

I did not take the shaky beginning of this journey to be a good sign though I had faith that I would be in and out and would retrospectively enjoy my ordeal. This was eventually to be true, but little did I know the dire implications of my words. Each step took me closer to the flaming agony of Hell as I wandered along my own inferno-like path.

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

With luv from your friendly neighborhood Daggies

TURD TIMES

By ROSE BROWN

potential, please don't scream and run to the next "clean" stinkhole. Be tuft and flush that bitch. It takes two seconds. If for some reason the toilet does not respond, maintain pressure on the lever for a bit longer until it "catches" and fulfills its purpose. If this fails to succeed, think outside the stall and hold the lever up. Speaking from experience, this sometimes works. If you have tried all of the above and there is little success, then do whatever the hell you want. But for shit's sake, take the time and try flushing. Surely you can spare a few seconds in your busy schedule to flush a toilet. Or if you're really lazy, feel free to do your business in an outhouse. No worries about flushing, considering you're taking a dump in a hole! Personally, I prefer going in a warm, sheltered room. This may have been a weird article to sum, but please think about it. How would you like to have turd all over your toilet?

'ROGER'S OWN' ANNOTATED DEAN'S LIST OF HONOURS STUDENTS

In accordance with Academic Regulations, the Office of the Registrar must publish the "Dean's List"... In accordance with our morals and desire to prevent boredom and provoke the well being of all, we at the Dag have added our own special touch...enjoy...and Congratulations to all of these Students

YEAR ONE

Bensus, Natasha Anne - yer number 1! Yer # one
 Bjornstad, Kent David - If you stay in your room all year again, you might make it here again
 Boman, Shauna Maria - Na na na na na na na na hey
 Burns, Daniel James P. - Philosophizing in London. Cool.
 Costen, Ashley Rose - I've been to Fox Creek!
 Crawford, Jessica N. - Not Cindy...related?
 Drader, Philip Alan - I've got nothing
 Fraser, Lisa Colleen - Slacker! Admit it!
 Groenewegen, Ashley - Representing the Flatlander demographic
 Hafso, Kyrsten E. - The honorable First Lady...
 Hartman, Lindsay J. - Always on her toes.
 Klippenstein, Jodi Rae - Always ask this one for a martini, or better yet, to dress like one.
 McComb, James E. - His memory will survive in the stairwell of Old Main.
 McCrum, Amy K. - Where do you people come from??
 McPhail, Ian Vance - Really? I never would have guessed it.
 Odermatt, Katrena M. - You're just happy to be here...aren't you?
 Pfeifer, Megan Jayne - aka Dustina Pfeiffretta
 Rayment, Meghan M. - More than just a choirgirl...
 Schmidt, Lisa Suzanne - Big smile :) nice, hold it good :)
 Shields, Stephen James - A line lacking sarcasm, really...one full line...
 Tally, Holly M. - Stayed in bed all of last year, sick perhaps...
 Walsh, Brianna J. - Yeah, but good luck this year...
 Wenering, Elizabeth A. - Nice goin' eh.

YEAR TWO

Abel, Jordan Mitchell - Holy Crap! A sincere congratulations!
 Armstrong, Naomi J. - Mexico exchange=Dean's list
 Bossmann, Karen T. - Nice goin'
 Brown, Tawnya Teres - Hey I know you! Good job!
 Bylsma, Lisa Sylvia - I know you too, how exciting!
 Carbert, Bruce Millard - I think they may have made a mistake on this one...
 Cunningham, Bradie - aka Biology Club President
 Gudim, Alissa Dawn - Wow...that's all I'm going to say...if you have a problem call me...
 Davidson, Joanne C. - Carry that weight, just keep carrying that weight
 Dorman, Natasha M. - ...ibid...
 Fortier, Danielle M. H. - Mexico exchange=Dean's list
 Gudim, Diana Joy - Goodday, goodday
 Harland, Kyle Joseph - For his pianissimo sensibilities
 Heier, Stephanie Lynn - I always thought your middle name was 'For'
 Horosko, Kendra Leigh - Did it in her sleep, comes naturally
 Killen, Nancy Elizabeth - Job well done!
 Kondo, Mari - Possibly the most genuinely fashionable student around.
 Langenhoff, Sarah Diane - Just happy to be here.
 Larsen, Ashley Kara - Happier than ever to be here
 Leibel, Antoinette Laura - A+ in all of her 'juice service' courses
 Leonhardt, Michael Gordon - Have you been stalking me?
 Lyseng, Benjamin Cal - Assimilated by Big Brother U of A.
 Martinson, Alana Dawn - With basketball and everything, bravo (tell your brother Hi)
 McClean, Ryan James - Impressive, quite impressive
 McComb, Colin Brian C. - Something tells me not to believe this...
 McCormack, Heather Jean - I bet you know my cousin!
 Morency, Guillaume Mary - I have no comment, none at all
 Nichols, Christopher L. - C'est Magnifique
 Rayment, Natalie Elizabeth - Your Gramps gave me my first braces...
 Schmidt, Amber Dawn - Mexico exchange=Dean's list

Scholten, Rebecca Ann - Surfing the Faith in New Zealand
 Sorensen, Gitte Kristina - hailing from bustling Berylund, Alberta
 Sovdi, Karissa Lynae - Not a problem, not a problem at all
 Thomas, Helen Louise - Ibid.
 Wheat, Margaret Joan - Ibid. well, maybe a little problem
 Willisio, Robyn Rae - Ibid...well, maybe a big problem
 Zimmer, Chelcie Marie - Just don't brag about it

YEAR THREE

Anderson-Kish, Grace S. - California Dream ya? Try
 Beattie, Kelle Leslie - Was that too easy for ya? Fry picking up another minor...
 Bernes, Laurie E. J. - Come to the Dag office to pick up your prize
 Breikreutz, Sara - Mexico exchange=Dean's list
 Carter, Diane Elizabeth - Will willingly discuss her vagina if you'd like.
 Cowan, Tina Dawn - Little red riding coat.
 de Connick Smith, Colleen - Surfing the Faith in New Zealand.
 Faas, Ryan William - Hands off bitch, he's my man!
 Fleck, Jennifer Lynn - Come by Roger's office to pick up your prize.
 Fogel, Curtis Arthur - Come by Roger's office to pick up your prize
 Friedrich, Jena Eve - We salute you, and your boyfriend.
 Gill, Indrepreet Kaur - Former Daglight editor. We salute you.
 Gillis, Iain Stuart - You can identify him by his pink pants and mittens.
 Gusul, Matthew Joseph - Mexico exchange=Dean's list
 Hansen, Steven H. - Shh... It's a good thing manners, courtesy and gentlemanism aren't computed into the average F and another F
 Hemsing, Jamie Lynn M. - Cute...but how did you manage the list?
 Huettnermeier, Eleanor N. - Liar! Cheat! Swindler!
 Jain, Anne-Marie T. - watch for this name next year...she's in Mexico right now
 Johnson, Cameron K. - Cam quit reading this! You should be studying
 Joo, Daniel Adam - pronounced 'Yo' like Yo...man pass me another beer
 Klassen, Keric Abram - Congratulations KAK
 Krause, Katherine Marie - Be sure to pick up your prize at the office.
 Lansing, Lacy Joy - Aren't you glad you made the DEAN'S LIST?
 Loates, Bethany Margaret - Status pending...still has a paper due.
 McIver, Sarah Donata - Come by Roger's office to pick up your prize.
 Martinson, Alana Dawn - Again?...this makes me think you cheated
 Olson, Erik Lind Skaret - Didn't sleep or eat in '03-'04 school year
 Peebles, Jennifer Dale - always a smile for everyone.
 Reinke, Stacey Nichole - Representing the blonde demographic
 Renwick, Tobias Clayton - Come by Roger's office to pick up your prize.
 Reshaur, Michelle J. P. - Pronounced Ree'-shore. Or is it French?
 Rozmahal, Brian James - the Farmer of Social Justice.
 Sawden, Karl Loren - The only person brave enough to take 5 English courses in one semester
 Scholten, Amy Joy - the Dutch Duchess of Jazz.
 Kinsstad, Carl Magnus the First - of Rome
 Smith, Angela Amy - Come by Roger's office to pick up your prize.
 Thompson, Erin Mari K. - See her picture in the faith and life lobby
 Thurston, Avery Lynn - Avery is a wonderful person.
 Tovee, Collette Diane - Ibid.
 Tremblay, Erin E. - Sociologizing with Peruvians.

YEAR FOUR

Andreassen, Lars David - Counting bugs and loving it!
 Appleby, Angela Dawne - I wonder if you'll see this.
 Aveedeff, Melissa Kay - Augustana's first B.Mus graduate?
 Bolstad, Myranda Jayne - What? Are you too good for the Dag?
 Brisson, Shawna Lea - Has Roger given you a handshake yet?
 Bulger, Jessica Lyn - Mexico exchange=Dean's list
 Chappell, Angela Rae - Listen to an angel.
 Dandy, Trish Alexis - oranges are dandy.
 Demers, Elizabeth M. G. - I don't know how you do it, really...
 Fry, Michael Andrew - enough with the monkey already!
 Galenza, Kary Ann - Come by the Dag office for your free subscription.
 Hymes, Aaron M. - Econo-student.
 Ignatuk, Andrew D. - Dribbled his way to the Governor General's Award
 Jobs, Michelle Lynn - Can't see the hockey game for the players
 Lakhani-Vogelsang, Nazya - Obviously has what it takes
 Lapierre, Michael Phillip - God rest his freshman year.
 Lazanuk, Tyson Alexander - nice hat buddy, you should get out more...kidding
 Littlefair, Shauna and Torntom - Because they deserve it too...
 Lorenz, Trudi Rose - You might not deserve it but you're here (Kidding) Trudi = smrt
 Marcoux, Pamela Lynn - You sell me beer don't you...mmm beer
 Masters, James Allan - the nemesis to end all nemesising
 Maul, Katherine Ann - likes bugs...loves Allan
 McFadyen, Kent Michael - heir to one of Camrose's biggest druglords
 McLaren, Kristie Anne - Where have you been all my life?
 Mohr, Joshua J(azzy) J(azman) - I know deep in your heart you're a death-metal fan
 Moulder, Andrew Fareed - Where's the Scully?
 Neufeld, Jason Dwayne - Jay "I peed in the corner" Neufeld
 Nilson, Rhett Jared - stuck on solid state
 Nusse, Holly Rosealeen - Rosealeen is such a pretty name
 Carter, Karen - Why is she in the 'P' section?...
 Regner, Tanya Marie - I think you sold me my shoes
 Rose, Kendra Dawn - Really! You're on here too!
 That's great!
 Sieben, Kathryn Elizabeth - Good night!
 Sims, Catherine Elizabeth - I know this isn't the horseshoes but you should listen to the Beatles
 Stables, Megan Margaret - Hello Megan...How are you today?
 Ulven, Regan Marie - Grrrr...rrrr...zzzzzzzz...
 van Herwarden, Bram Jacob - Ask this guy to build your next house.
 Wideman, Jeremy Grant - The biggest threat to BioChem since the microscope...
 Wisk, Angela Lynn - Mexico exchange=Dean's list
 Zook, Syd - We forever bow in your non-presence.

YEAR STATUS NOT APPLICABLE

Alvarez, Angelica A. - Like rugrats right? I like that show!
 Bonilla, Sonia Camacho - ??????????????????
 Elliott, Christine Grace - Mexico exchange=Dean's list
 Hernandez, Irlanda Valle - ??????????????????
 Kurylo, Shanda-Laria N. - I wish my name rhymed
 Linares, Roberto Carlos - ??????????????????
 Perez Rodriguez, Octavio - Hey...I know you
 Sanchez, Fabiola - Mexico exchange=Dean's list
 Sutton, Danielle Marie - Cute as a button...
 VanderMeer, S. Scott - Townie, and a respectable one at that
 Zamudio, Diana Itadehui - Last but not least

Boys are Stupid

A response to: Ben is from Mars, Karen from Venus
(I'm throwing you a bone) by Shaumbear Littlefair

"Once upon a time there was a couple, we'll call them Jeff and Allie. So Jeff and Allie are driving home from a movie and Allie turns to Jeff and says, 'Jeff, so you realize we've been dating for four months?' and Jeff says, 'Four months.' Inside, Allie starts to analyze what Jeff has just said: *Four months. I wonder what he's thinking. He looks really concerned, even angry. Maybe I shouldn't have said anything. Four months is a long time, maybe he thinks I'm thinking things are getting really serious and this is it... Meanwhile, Jeff is thinking, Wow, four months. That means we started dating in August. Holy Crap, I've got to get my oil changed! But I'm not going to the same place as last time, those bastards think they know more about my car than I do! And Allie sees Jeff's anger and thinks, Oh he's really mad, what does he think, that I'm expecting some sort of ring or something because it's been four months? Maybe he thinks I'm waiting for some knight in shining armour with a horse and he's just not ready to be that guy, what did I do! So Allie, very worked up, turns to Jeff and says, 'Jeff, I know there's no horse,' and Jeff, confused, says, 'There's no horse?' And I don't expect there to be, would you please forgive me?' 'Sure, right, forgive you.' 'Thanks Jeff.' You're welcome, Allie."*

I would like to start by saying that I can understand why you are confused by the ladies, but you should know that we, the gals, are just as confused about you, the guys, as you are of us. Does that make sense? You confuse us too. Speaking for the ladies, I'd be willing to bet that we are even more confused by the crazy things guys do simply because as women, we over analyze everything, discuss finite details and obsess over the simplest of conversations between boy and girl. Think of conversations you've had with a girl and you should realize she's probably picked apart everything you said and discussed it with her closest girlfriends for hours. It's what we do.

It also explains your beef about why we travel in packs to the bathroom. Sometimes we need to debrief and the loo is the place to be. There is also the attack factor: there is a less likely chance of us getting attacked by some crazy drunk guy if there is more than one of us. So, relax about the bathroom thing.

Another thing you need to relax about is the purse problem. We carry purses for good reason, and we'd look ridiculous carrying a wallet in our back pocket, and the lip gloss is a necessity. You may not want to hear this but the purse also serves as a reserve for certain monthly products, if you get my drift (or flow...editorial insert). The purse stays.

And about that dreaded question, what girl in their right mind would seriously ask you that question? No girl asks that question unless she is with a group of girlfriends and either looking for a complement ('No, you're not fat! You look fabulous!') or she wants to hear their real opinion ('Maybe it'd look better in black...') If she does ask you that question, and I highly doubt she would, here's the real reason: she is picking a fight, wanting you to make a fool of yourself by inadvertently calling her fat, so she can break up with you with a clean conscience. It's kind of like the way you guys act all distant and behave like a jerk when you want out of the relationship so we break up with you and you don't have to be the bad guy. What's with that! If you want to break up with us, grow some balls and do it, waiting it out only makes us mad. We'd respect you more if you just were honest about what you are going through and were a man about it.

Speaking of being a man, if you are the dumper, you don't get to cry. You don't get to cry while you are telling us that it's over. That makes us mad too, why are you dumping us if it's making you so sad that you cry? See, confusing!

Now I have a question for all you guys here at Augustana: do you understand the principle of supply and demand. Let me spell it out for you, you are in short supply (ie there are more girls at this school than boys) so therefore you are in high demand. So ask her out already, you have the upper hand. But when you do ask her out, don't under any circumstances, take her to BP's than leave without telling

Continued on page 11...

Augustana SPORTS

The DAGBLADE is pleased to finally offer news from our sports teams.
We urge all students to come out and experience the thrill of sports played by smart athletes.
Just think, all of the players are students, not professional whiners. SH
(Editor's comments are in brackets)

Men's Hockey Update: Vikings Split with Thunder - Gary Snyder Miller

The hockey Vikings were in Edmonton on Friday (Dec 3) to play the Concordia College Thunder. Ross Neven gave the Vikings an early 1-0 lead but the Thunder answered back to tie the game 40 seconds later. Akimoto Kawamoto put the Vikings ahead 2-1 but the Thunder tied the game with 33 seconds left in the first period. After the Thunder took a 4-2 lead in the 2nd period, Kawamoto notched his second goal of the game to cut the lead to 4-3. Blake Parker tied the game 4-4 with a power-play goal. First year player Richard Molenaar gave the Vikings a 5-4 win in the overtime period. Richard Hankinson played goal for the Vikings for his first ACAC game making 26 saves. Mathieu Maisonneuve was named the Augustana Vikings game star.

On Saturday (Dec 4) the Vikings were back in Camrose for the rematch. The Thunder did all the scoring in the first period, jumping out to a 2-0 lead after 20 minutes. The Thunder took a 3-0 lead in the second period and then added 2 power play goals to put the Vikings in a deep hole with the score 5-0. The Vikings played much better in the third period with Brad Trautman scoring 1:27 into the period. Joel Olszowka added a power play goal eight minutes into the period to cut the lead to 5-2. The Vikings continued to apply pressure to the Thunder but couldn't close the score and the game ended with the Thunder ahead 5-2. Richard Hankinson played goal for the Vikings making 24 saves. Joel Olszowka was named the Vikings game star (good on ya!).

The Vikings now break for exams and Christmas and return to play in the new year.

Hardwood Heartbreak: Vikings Owl After Sweep - Dave Drabik

After a weekend off, the Vikings basketball team returned to action Friday night (Nov. 26), hosting the NAIT Ooks. In front of a near capacity crowd, both teams seemed to feel the extra pressure as a tentatively played first half ended with a 33-33 tie. In the second half, a number of inspired plays and close calls gave the always enthusiastic Augustana fans plenty to cheer about. Augustana out-rebounded NAIT 49-31 led by Bruce Carbert (12), player of the game Kris Augustson (11), Leif Knutson and Jonathan Honey (7 each). Snatching defeat from the jaws of victory in yet another heartbreaker, the Vikings dropped this one by a 70-69 score, after missing some great scoring opportunities down the stretch.

Remember the glass of Ginger Ale your mom would leave by your bed for 2 days when you were sick? The Vikings came out flatter than that on Saturday (Nov 27) as they traveled to the NAIT gym, the host of this year's nationals. Tyrel Herder finished the game with 17 points, shooting 7 of 9 from the floor, while player of the game Kris Augustson finished with 9 points and 5 rebounds. The Vikings managed to be up 3 at half only to be out-scored 44-32 in the second half. The free throws at the end make the 9 point margin of loss look worse than it was, with the final score NAIT 79 Vikings 70 (Free Ginger Ale was handed out after the game).

The Vikings will make two trips to Montana to compete against NAIA schools over the Christmas break. The second half of the season opens on Friday, January 7 against the NAIT Ooks. The Vikings play at home on Saturday January 8 at 7pm.

Vikings Women's Basketball Update - Cheryl Corrigan

This past weekend (Nov 26-27) the Vikings played a tough home-and-home series with the always tough NAIT Ooks. At stake?...sole possession of 2nd place heading into the Christmas break, if the women could get two wins.

After the bye weekend, Friday Night Lights returned to the Vikings' Den with a bang. The return of Alana Martinson to the starting lineup proved fruitful, as she made some big defensive plays to get the Vikings off to a good start. At 17:41, Assistant Coach Halbert made some quick subs, and Katie Deuchar stepped up and hit a big three and a free throw from a spectacular drive to the hoop. Despite the aggressive play by the Vikings, and great support off the bench, NAIT made a comeback, and the home team was only up by three at the half, 37-34. Coach Corrigan (I'm writing in the third person!) made some adjustments in the second half, but it was the leadership of the captains that made the difference. When the dust cleared, they had spearheaded a 20-6 run that made the score 57-40 midway through the half. From there, the rout was on. Deuchar again played spectacular, hitting three after three off some great passing by Paige Gaudreau, who herself ended the game with an unbelievable 12 assists.

Saturday's rematch in the always daunting NAIT gym was complete havoc. Pre-game warm-up was done amidst the facilities crew setting up the benches and scoring table. Knowing that they had only to repeat their second-half performance from Friday's game, the Vikings started out well, taking a commanding 15-0 lead after only 5 minutes. Unfortunately, the stellar shooting from the night before didn't continue, and the Vikings went into halftime down 35-28. Luckily, Joan 'Do the Recycling' Wheat kept the women close with 11 big first half points, and league-leading scorer Pam Reinke kicked in 9 points of her own in the second half. The final score was 75-78, and featured a 26 point swing in the second half.

Truly a weekend of two halves, the Vikings proved to themselves and the rest of the league that they are here to stay, securing sole possession of second place heading into the break. Look for more of the same next semester, as the Vikings aim to stay in second and fulfill their goal of reaching the Final Four. It's gonna be exciting!



Briar Rose Boutique

**Specializing in prom, bridal,
and formal wear.**

**Lingerie and Undergarmets
also available.**

**Augustana Students Recieve
10% off all Purchases by
Mentioning this AD!
STUDENT ID REQUIRED**



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*Group Rates
Automatic Scoring*

TABB LANES & LOUNGE



Neon bowling

Fridays & Saturdays

**672-5711
5101-52 Ave.**

5 & 10 Pin Bowling

Classified Ads

For sale: vinyl experiment T-shirts. Men's and Women's styles. Various sizes. Available from band members. Band members available at the Dag office, or at info@thevinylexperiment.com

Needed for next issue:

Serious (or not) classified ads or personals. Send your classified advertisements to daglightle@hotmail.com

Ugly Yarn of all varieties, will take anything. Call Shauma Littlefair or meet in the Faith and Life lobby on Tuesdays after soup supper

Wanted: Sanity. Please call Alicia Baier if you have any of any kind

Wanted: It's amazing how few phone calls we have gotten regarding our dire need for early-mid '80s Ford pickups. We will treat them good. We promise. Call 679-1542. Serious inquiries only!

Wanted: Roommate for large suite. Must be willing to put up with noises of "various kinds". Also, must have poker savviness and an ability to sing. For more info call 608-2924. Ask for T-Reve

For Sale: Caffeine pills of all sorts and varieties can be bought in large quantities from Merchant's Tea and Coffee House...

For Sale: The bodacious body of one handsome SA president. Cheap...OBO Call the SA office @ 679-1541

Wanted: Willing participants for the Cuba exchange. Talk to Glen. If you don't know who Glen is, just ask someone in the lobby. Or talk to Dr. Roger Milbrandt.

Wanted: Piano, upright or grand. Price range: Under \$5K. Call 679-1542 and ask for Steve.

Wanted: Audience for Student Presentations on Tues. Dec 14. See pg. 5

Needed ASAP: Ad Salesperson for the SA. For more info, contact the Dag.

WANTED: STUDENTS

for English 433:

Globalization and Literature

English 433 is a seminar course. In other words, the students can influence the direction of the course.

Literary Texts include (among others):

Pico Iyer, *The Global Soul*

M.G. Vassanji, *Uhuru Street*

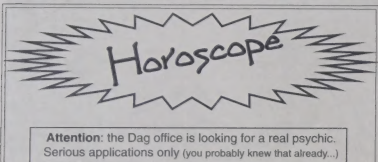
Fred Wah, *Diamond Grill*

Douglas Coupland, *Shampoo Planet*

William Gibson, *Neuromancer*

Prerequisites: Only ENG 103 & 104 and 3rd or 4th year standing

(P.S. Dr. J, an ad this size costs \$30 please make cheque payable to The Daglightle)



Attention: the Dag office is looking for a real psychic. Serious applications only (you probably knew that already...)

Pisces (Feb 20 - Mar 20) Ask out a Dag editor they're both single and they have an office (Oooh)

Aries (Mar 21 - Apr 20) Don't bother with the final exam you have a pass no matter what! Hooray!

Taurus (Apr 21 - May 21) What is on your mind at this very moment? Act on that thought and no other

Gemini (May 22 - Jun 21) Switch majors you're still young! And switch big if you're in the arts go sciences and vice versa

Cancer (Jun 22 - Jul 22) Eat turkey this Christmas, even if you haven't for a long time...it's the gravy you should stay away from anyway

Leo (Jul 23 - Aug 22) For a change of pace date somebody you don't actually like, it'll be an interesting break-up

Virgo (Aug 23 - Sep 23) Dress up for Christmas, scare the crap out of your grandparents

Libra (Sep 24 - Oct 23) Take up smoking just to prove that it's not that hard to quit

Scorpio (Oct 24 - Nov 22) Find three other people and try the Seinfeld bet...yes you know which one I am talking about (wink)

Sagittarius (Nov 23 - Dec 21) Oh forget about that ex-significant other already, finals are coming!!! It's time to sit back and relax and let the stress smack you in the face you have no time to feel bad. Find an interesting way (NOT O' C's) to relieve the pressure (wink)

Capricorn (Dec 22 - Jan 20) Write something for the Dag for Christmas' sake we've been waiting for a long time hurry it up!

Aquarius (Jan 21 - Feb 19) Just do what you always do, everything seems to be going ok. Find a new roommate, you know that the smell cannot be good for you.

You Said You Don't Like Poetry

Steve Hansen

You said you don't like poetry well, this verse is for you when, during those long winter evenings of books, theses and hot drinks you stop[...] and think[...] that meaning isn't in books or looks no, meaning might not even be true or not apply to you in the thoughts that matter to you the very least or the very most.

You said you don't like poetry well, this verse is for you when, during those cold winter mornings you stop[...] and think[...] you'd rather keep sleeping or lie in bed and ponder the thoughts that matter to you the very least or the very most

You said you don't like poetry well, this verse is for you, too when, during those sleepless winter nights you stop[...] and try not to think[...] but thoughts keep coming they pitch their tents, light their campfires, and sing songs all night...

You said you don't like poetry. Let is sing.

Steve the Nerd of Werds

Sodomite - someone from Sodom.

Epithet - a descriptive word or phrase added onto a person's name. E.g. Steve the Stupendous.

Stupendous - astonishing, especially in size, power, or strength.

Reverend - to be used as an adjective, not a noun. (For HP)

The Do's and Don'ts of Life

By Ben Schumacher

Ah, life. Isn't it just great? Like a super highway filled with traffic and an endless supply of turn-offs called 'choices'. Sometimes, you'll stick to the highway, but other times, you'll want to take a little detour and stray from the path. You don't know where this road leads, but you go on ahead anyway. At the end could be a herd of cash cows, a swarm of worry bees, or swamp full of angry alligators. This very special article is what I like to call "Ben's Do's and Don'ts of Life".

So, you're driving down life's highway and you come across your first detour. This is when you are in college and you have that big midterm paper due in 2 hours, but you haven't started it yet. Do: Tackle that paper like a cop on a Twinkie and hand it in with 5 minutes to spare. Don't: Play solitaire the whole time, go to class, and, when asked why the paper is not done, proclaim that you will hand in your damned paper whenever you damned well please.

Moving back onto the highway, you come across another detour. This is the first impressions of that girl or guy you've been winking

at (or was that something in your eye?). Do: Walk up to this individual, introduce yourself, and say something witty like "That necklace/shirt really brings out the blue in your eyes." Don't: Walk up to this person, say, "Let's make like jackrabbits and do what comes natural, baby," and start thrusting your hip back and forth while making sounds that resemble those of an ambulance.

Let's say you made the right decision with that one and it leads to another detour; meeting the parents. You're in their home, sitting down with your significant other, when 'Daddy' looks to you and asks, "So, what plans do you have for the future?" Stay calm and don't panic. We're going to get you through this. Do: Say to him, "Well, sir, after I have completed University, with honors, I plan on getting a respectable job that is very well paying." Don't: Reply, "Hm," while feeling your stomach and looking intently at your watch with which your next comment is, "Well, I figure that in about 10 minutes, I'm going to walk over to your lovely bathroom, sit on your beautiful toilet, and take the biggest crap of my life." Go ahead and laugh, you're

screwed anyway.

Back on the highway, there is a giant split in the road. You go down the one that says 'Marriage'. Today is your wedding day. Congratulations! So, you're at the altar with the person who you are going to spend the rest of your life with. That's right, the rest of your life. The priest then says to you, "Do you take (insert name here) to be your lawfully wedded wife (or husband)?" Do: Say, "I do," of course. I mean, you're already here, aren't you? Don't: Look at the priest, worryingly, then look back at your bride/groom and ask, "For how long?" Make sure they don't have any stabbing utensils anywhere near them.

So, you get married and you have a couple kids. You take yet another detour when your eight-year-old child asks you what to do about the school bully. Do: Tell your child that when the bully starts being bad, tell the nearest teacher about it so that the bully can be properly punished. Don't: Tell them the true story of this fellow you knew back when you were a kid, named Rambo, and what he did to bullies. Don't forget to explain to your kid what a machete is.

20 years down the road, you are finally up for a pay increase at your job that you hate. The boss calls you in and starts reviewing your efforts over the years. He puts down your file, looks you dead in the eye and asks you, "Give me one good reason to give you this raise." Do: Look back at your boss and say, "I have put 100% in this company ever since I started working here. I have never complained, nor have I asked for anything. To be honest, I think I deserve to get a raise, and I thank you for noticing my efforts." Don't: Look back at your boss and say, "You give me one. It's not like it was my choice to be brought down to your crummy office while you babble on about how good I work when I was really twiddling my thumbs and conjuring up elaborate pranks on the mail boy. And the coffee sucks." Some call it stupid, but I call it mid-life crisis.

Unfortunately, that is all I am going to write about life's highway and the metaphorical detours that we take. I hope you all have learned a valuable lesson from some of life's great choices. Until next time, this has been "Ben's Do's and Don'ts of Life!"



ATTENTION

You People Should Write Something for the Dag!!

We know you don't like deadlines so submit articles whenever you want to!

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"Boys are Stupid"

...Continued from page 8

her while she's in the bathroom with her friends. She will not be pleased. If you want to leave with friends to go buy some more alchomahol, have the courtesy to tell her that. See why I think boys are dumb. Another tip, don't invite me over, and then play video games all night with your guy buddies whilst I watch. This does not count as quality time.

I don't mean to sound bitter, and I'm really not. Happen to be in a very healthy relationship with not one but two men, perhaps you know them, Ben & Jerry. I hope I've cleared up some things. Seriously though, I think it's our differences that attract us to one another, and I appreciate your attempt at honesty.

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MERCHANTS

...Continued from pg.3

(Newfie)

of life that makes our heart soar, those fond memories of things that make life worth while. When that one person says, "I love you... I care." From that moment nothing else matters, in that moment you feel accepted, loved, acknowledged, and fulfilled. I'm glad I was on that beach in Northern Queensland in 1978 and I'm glad I was able to say, to a complete stranger, I cared.

When university is finished and my degree hangs from my bedroom wall, I will humbly remind myself that I have been fortunate enough to attain a wealth of knowledge but I will also remind myself that it is through the trials and tribulations of life that I have gained a wealth of wisdom. I must not confuse the two.

It was a writer named George Washington Carver who summed up life very eloquently when he said "How far you go in life depends on your being tender with the young, compassionate with the aged, sympathetic with the striving, and tolerant of the weak and the strong, because some day you will have been all of these."

Thanks Bruce, Love, the eds.

A Message from Augustana Against AIDS

Medusa is two years of age, lives in Africa, and is dying of AIDS; it's not likely she will live to be fifteen. She was born to a mother who already has AIDS, and thus, the deadly virus continues to be passed down from one generation to the next. Chances are, without the help of antiretroviral drugs, Medusa will be orphaned by the age of ten or twelve. Apparently, eight to ten years is the life expectancy after being diagnosed with the disease. In fact, during 2003 there were 2.2 millions orphans in the country of Kenya.

This story could be one of many coming out of Africa, where the AIDS pandemic is one of the worst of the world as ever seen. Eight to nine thousand people a day are dying of AIDS in Africa. Fictional stories like the one just told, not only leave entire families dead, but leave poor, innocent, children orphaned... no mother, no father, no one to love or care for them. What would we do if eight to nine thousand people a day were dying of AIDS in Canada? Would we allow it to happen? Would we have to run an awareness campaign? Probably not, yet, the world stands by, predominantly concerned, not about life, but about economic growth. Usually that means one's country's economic growth... or one's own.

Mother Theresa once said, "Today it is very fashionable to talk about the poor, but not very fashionable to talk with the poor." The word poor could easily be replaced by the word AIDS. At Augustana we are proud to say that we are more than just talk. Augustana Against AIDS has taken up the torch. Its motto is, "What we don't do - won't get done." Our hope is not only to raise AIDS awareness at the university campus level, but within the city, and surrounding area. Remember that December 1 was international AIDS awareness day, but more importantly, don't forget that every day 8000-9000 people die whether it's an awareness day or not. That's every day!

Certainly, if you want to give money, that's great, but you can also give your time, your creative spirit, as well as your heart. There are all kinds of ways to help, that don't include money; not only that, no experience is needed. All one needs is to be ready, willing and able. You can reach Augustana Against AIDS by e-mailing bruce@incentre.net or brianrozmahel@augustana.ca or by phoning 608-2646 and remember our motto, "What we don't do - won't get done."

CHRISTMAS CHAOS

By Steve Hansen

Like chestnuts roasting over an open fire, news events at Augustana continue to sizzle. Maybe all that's needed is a deep December freeze to cool things down. Although somehow I doubt that... Here are a few interesting news events of the last month.

1. Prof. Yvonne Becker splashes Prof. Tom Butko with eggnog when she finds out he has pledged his support to the Drama department's presentation of 'The Mangina Monologues.'
2. Dr. John Johansen sighs in disgust when he discovers that Wal-Mart would like to sponsor his 'Globalization in English Literature' course.
3. Dr. Carter announces that Augustana's new NMR spectrometer was actually purchased to reveal the mysterious elements which allow Prof. Kathleen Corcoran to still look 29.
4. The 2005 Graduation Committee is ranked to find that unemployed alumni have rearranged the sign above the gymnasium entrance to spell NO VOCATION CENTRE.
5. Augustana's own music sessional professor Deanna Davis is awarded a \$105,000 scholarship over three years for her doctoral dissertation project entitled "Piano Pedagogy, Print Culture, and Bodily Inscription: Female Socialization in 19th Century Germany". True Story.
6. Augustana's own politics professor and acting dean Dr. Roger Epp is NOT awarded \$105,000 to study how on earth Ralph Klein is still the premier of Alberta. True Story.
7. Augustana's own sociology professor, Dr. Geraint Osborne, is awarded a \$50 grant over three years to examine the unique relationship between shopping mall Santa Claus and transvestites.
8. Anger erupts among the Camrose Lutheran community when they hear the U of A's announcement to name Augustana's new student resident complex after John Calvin.
9. Augustana Vikings Hockey coach Gary Snyder leaves the rink for the last time when ACAC hockey players decide to strike because the required minimum GPA was increased to 2.3.
10. Administration soberly rejects Dr. Milton Schlosser's attempt to host a Friday night music seminar course called 'Sloshed with Schlosser.'

Dedicated to Gateway reporter Caitlin Crawshaw

I used to be a former and I made a living fine.....



!!AUCTION!!

I just can't decide which one of these guys is sexier. The scrumptious pirate on the left is Tantalizing T-rev, while the tropical twister on the right is a man of Guile... and Girth, his name is Glen. Both of these men are for sale and will be auctioned off if there is sufficient interest. If no one replies they may have to date each other! I don't know if that is a problem for either of them but if I were you I wouldn't let that happen...That would be two hotties that YOU couldn't have, please send your bids to the Dag office F205 in the Faith and Life Building or call us at 679-1542 or e-mail us at dagblatle@hotmail.com